WCBN-FM

FALL 96 PROGRAM GUIDE

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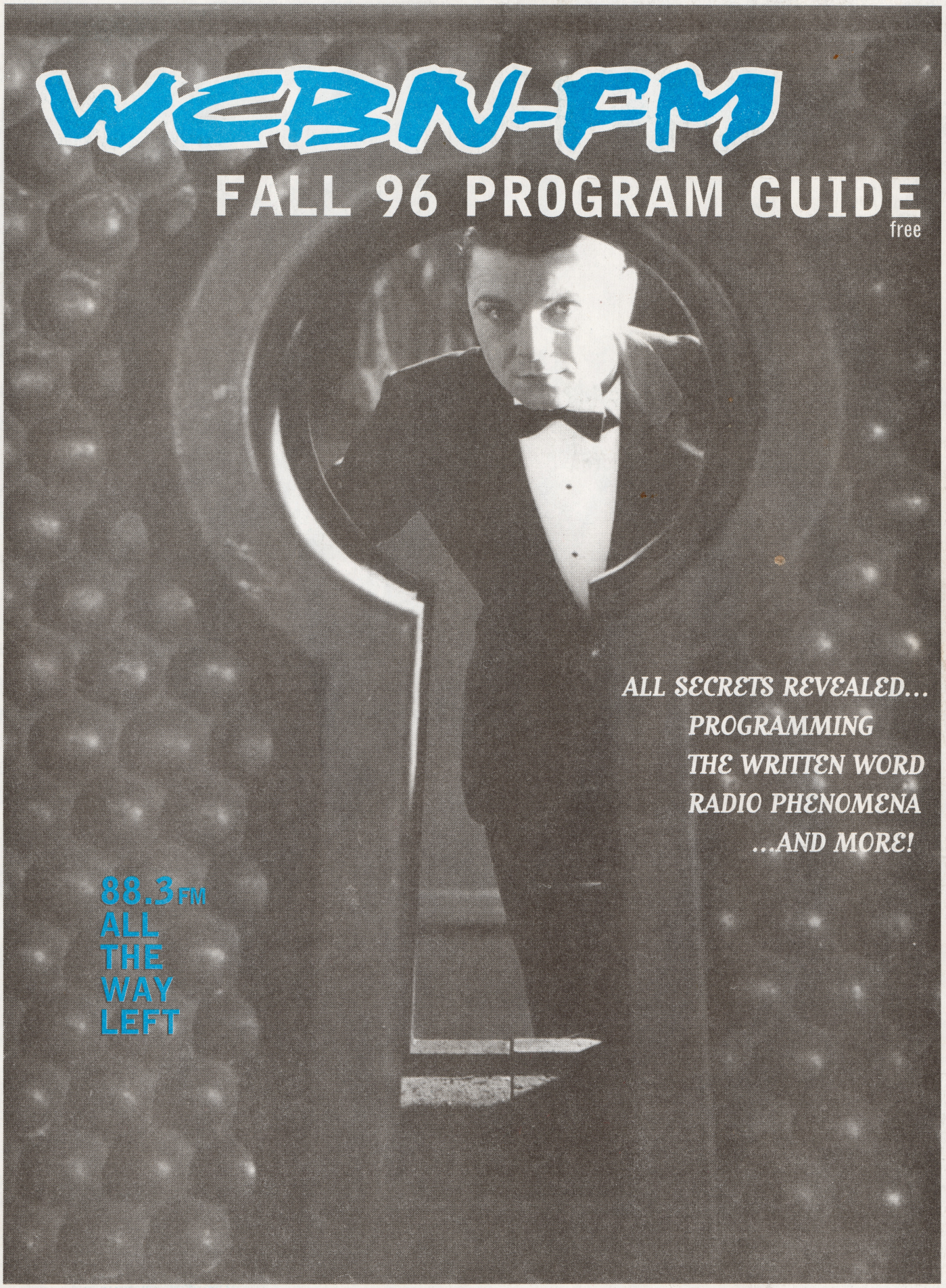

ALL SECRETS REVEALED...
PROGRAMMING
THE WRITTEN WORD
RADIO PHENOMENA
...AND MORE!

88.3 FM
ALL
THE
WAY
LEFT

WCBN-FM

WCBN 88.3 FM ANN ARBOR
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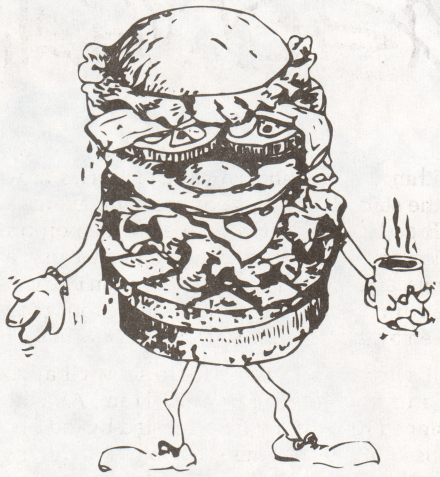

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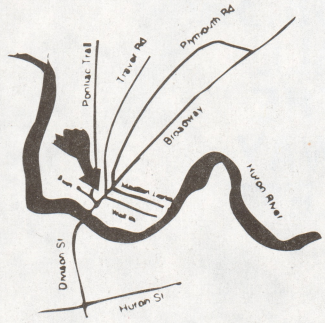


We're the big green building. Parking in the rear.

Home of Huevos Rancheros,
the best morning-after food!

WCBN-FM

Welcome to the Fall 1996 Program Guide!

September, 1996

Welcome to the Fall 1996 edition of the WCBN-FM Program Guide. Within, you will find a myriad of articles, as well as a listening guide to the station. For those of you who are unfamiliar with the Campus Broadcasting Network, we are the non-profit student run radio station of the University of Michigan. We play a wide variety of music, news, and public affairs that you can't hear elsewhere on the dial. Take a moment to try us out -- tune your radio to 88.3FM, sit back, and enjoy the fabulous sounds of freeform…..

This fall, we have some new radio shows that you should check out. On Saturday morning from 10-11am, All Kidding Aside is a show designed for kids, by kids. Hosted by (adult) Marvin Bartlett and various local children, this show explores children's music, ideas, and publications, and features live performances and interviews.

Studio Live is back! Each Sunday at 11pm, we will feature a different band or musician, playing live on the air. If you are involved with a music project and would like to perform on the radio, please contact us and let us know. You can also listen to the fine sounds of Ann Arbor's local talents on Fridays at 7pm, with Dan Banda and The Local Music Show.

Our dance mix shows have undergone some minor changes. Crush Collision (techno, house, and jungle with BMG and special guests) has moved to Friday night at 10pm. The Prop Shop (hip-hop and rap with Chill Will and Lady D) has moved to Saturday night at 10pm.

As you may (or may not) know, we are currently enjoying our 25th year of broadcasting. Hopefully, we will be able to complement it by taking broadcasting to the internet. Then, you will be able to tune us in anywhere in the world (as long as you have a computer)!

Look for us online at *http://www.umich.edu/~wcbn*. And, as always, if you have any comments or suggestions, feel free to drop us a line!

Erika Sherman
PROGRAM DIRECTOR, WCBN
wcbn.programming@umich.edu
313-763-3535

25 years ago, the Campus Broadcasting Network gave birth to a small radio station housed in an East Quad dorm room. Now in its silver anniversary, Radio-Free Ann Arbor serves as an icon within the University of Michigan and the community. WCBN is committed to one of the most loyal listenerships in the country.

Many of you may have seen us over the summer at the Ann Arbor Art Fair and at the University of Michigan Art Museum. These events marked the beginning of our attempt to reach out to the students and the communtiy to demonstrate why we are celebrating our 25th birthday. In the year ahead, we plan to increase our remote broadcasting while also reaffirming our role as a public servant. When you do see us, do not hesitate to stop by, say hello, and let us know what you think. We value your opinion.

I came to the Campus Broadcasting Network three years ago as a freshman at the University of Michigan. Beginning my tenure as a sports commentator, I shifted gears the following two years as News Director, while holding a seat on the Board of Directors last year. In this my fourth and final year, now as General Manager, I reflect on the incredible opportunites made available by this great station. As a student, where else could I have broadcast a live Michigan hockey game. I never would have imagined the opportunity to anchor and produce a newscast. And where else can you still find FREEFORM!

I strongly encourage other students to follow in my footsteps. We are always looking for future DJ's, news reporters and sports broadcasters. Even if you prefer to be behind the scenes in production or take on a business role, CHECK US OUT!!! Experience a piece of the next 25 years of Radio-Free Ann Arbor.

Yours truly,
Derek A. Faust
GENERAL MANAGER

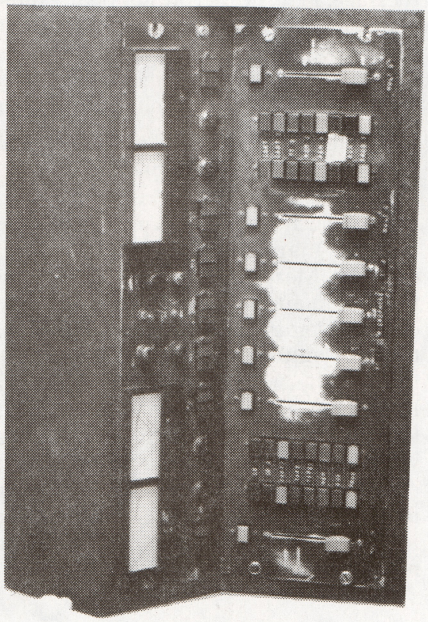
IN MEMORY OF JIM PAFFENBARGER 1949-1996

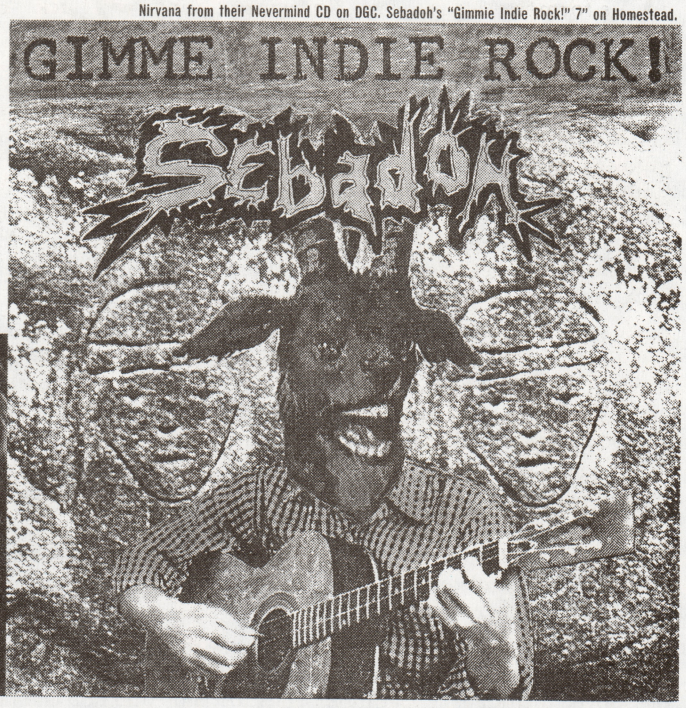
Jim Paffenbarger was a great friend to WCBN for more than 25 years. He played a large role in the development of the FM station and helped to nurture and protect WCBN, sometimes from ourselves for most of that time. Jim loved radio, as a medium, as an art form, as a route for self expression. He was very fond of sound collage and created many of his own. He loved Frank Zappa.

Jim was also a strong gay identified man. He never made any effort to hide who he was from his bosses at the University or anyone else, nor did he make a big deal out of it. He loved kids and they loved him with his chains and keys and his leather cap and vest.

Words are simply not enough to explain what Jim's passing will mean to his friends or the people who'll never know him but listen to this radio station expecting the bizarre and the edgy. Let's hope those of us who knew him can find a way to communicate this in the radio we do and the lives we lead.

— Joe Tiboni





Nirvana from their Nevermind CD on DGC. Sebadoh's "Gimmie Indie Rock!" 7" on Homestead.

ALTER YOUR NATIVE LAND

by Dan Bass

For our most recent bumper sticker, WCBN has advertised itself as "the alternative to the alternative." This created a large amount of discussion among WCBN staff, who argued over what this actually meant, if anything at all. Although it does sound snappy and does look good on a bumper sticker, this slogan, like most bumper sticker slogans, is an over simplified condensation of the intended message, in this case concerning the music aired on WCBN vis à vis what is played further right on the dial, especially all those stations popping up over the past few years claiming to play what is "alternative."

If "alternative" is mainstream, then what is alternative anymore? Taken to its logical conclusion, the alternative to today's alternative, which is actually mainstream, is yesterday's mainstream, lounge music for example. Martinis were never alternative; they were and always will be a drink of class (see James Bond). One of the few ways that the youth of today have been able to initiate alternative musical and cultural movements is to take what was anathema to the current powers-that-be when they were kids. While lounge music and its corollary fashion and cocktail choices are understandable ways for "Generation X" to rebel against the "Boomers," it really does not provide any real alternative.

In the 1990s we have witnessed the growing acceptance by mainstream society of certain forms of cultural and musical expression, which once accepted under the tent of mainstream culture were dubbed "alternative." Since the mainstream designates itself as alternative, including its requisite rebel stance, its ability to co-opt subcultural movements is compounded. In other words, if alternative is the new hegemony, how can you maintain a distinct alternative to this "alternative?" Before this question can be answered, the development of an officially-sanctioned "alternative" music, its origins in the 1980s, its commercialization in the 1990s, and its parallels with the 1970s need to be further explored.

Alternative rock as it is known today has its roots in underground rock movements of the 1980s which operated somewhat independently of the corporate music world, through independent record labels and college radio stations, like WCBN. The name "Alternative" for all this was not broadly applied until 1990 or 1991, when these cultural expressions had begun to seriously enter the mainstream. It is only at this point that "alternative rock" as a specific genre emerged into its own, as did its alter-ego "indie-rock" (short for independent rock, hearkening to its independent record label origins). In the 1980s it was really hard to describe what all this wacky music that WCBN and similar college stations played was all about. The closest anyone got was the term "college rock," a pretty weak label and somewhat of a self-fulfilling prophecy.

The alternative explosion of the early 1990s was not a totally sudden event. Many darlings of college radio had significant hits in the late 1980s, and became major stars well before alternative rock became what it is today. Acts such as R.E.M. ("The One I Love" 1987), The Cure ("Lovesong" 1989) and Love and Rockets ("So Alive" 1989) had top-ten pop hits after years of being college-radio superstars. Even the Replacements had a top-40 hit in 1989 with "I'll Be You." Because of these early successes by former members of the college rock fringe, the mainstream rock and pop audiences were primed for the grunge explosion that was to come.

1991 marks the dawn of alternative rock not only because of the release of Nirvana's Nevermind but because it saw the release of the first musical recognition, celebration and denigration of indie-rock, Sebadoh's "Gimme Indie Rock!" The success of Nirvana and the subsequent mass major label signing of any band remotely connected to the Pacific Northwest clearly marks the beginnings of the alternative era, although the heavy grunge sounds from Seattle

offered an easy segue from the pop-metal late 1980s for the mass audience. However, as this formerly underground musical movement moved from the college stations on the left of the dial into the mainstream and onto MTV, other members of the loose confederation of college rock stood their ground in opposition to major-label co-optation, declaring themselves indie-rock. Granted, these events did not happen so simply and these decisions were not necessarily conscious ones, but in an attempt to make this historical narrative captivating, a certain amount of agency is granted to the players in this game, and a few bounded categories are invoked.

When what was formerly an alternative became the mainstream, albeit with the new designation of "alternative," indie-rock came to blossom in opposition to this pattern. Sebadoh's 1991 single on Homestead Records, "Gimme Indie Rock!" encapsulates the aesthetics of indie rock, providing a celebratory anthem for the transformative powers of rock, as well as offering an ironic condemnation on the whole process. Both musically and lyrically, Sebadoh leader Lou Barlow traces the history of indie-rock back to the Velvet Underground and the Stooges, and continuing into 1980s bands such as Sonic Youth, Hüsker Dü and his estranged bandmates in Dinosaur Jr. However, Barlow denigrates the encompassing label of indie-rock as much as he celebrates it, calling it "a new generation of electric white-boy blues," clearly referencing the first generation of "electric white-boy blues" of late 1960s Britain, i.e. the Rolling Stones, Eric Clapton, and Led Zeppelin. And just as these British bands led to the overwrought musical excesses of the Classic Rock 1970s, these independent American bands of the late 1980s have led to the overwrought musical excesses of the Alternative Rock 1990s.

The similarities between the 1970s and the 1990s go further than long guitar solos, bell bottoms and big summer rock festivals. Just as the counter-culture of the late 1960s became part of mainstream culture in the 1970s, underground culture of the 1980s has become mainstream in the 1990s. Mainstream popular culture has always found new cultural forms in fringe groups, and the level to which they are co-opted/adopted are debatable (for further elaboration on this read Subculture: The Meaning of Style by Dick Hebdige [London: Routledge, 1979] who wrote about punk in 1970s Britain). The twist is that in the 1990s it still somehow retains its' "alternative-ness," allowing for greater ironic latitude and increasingly multiple interpretations.

One of the key defining moments of the rise of alternative rock was the appearance of Nirvana on the cover of Rolling Stone (a magazine that began as a way to commercialize the late 1960s counter-culture), with Kurt Cobain wearing a magic marker scrawled T-shirt stating "Corporate Magazines Still Suck." His shirt on that cover reveals not only the entrance of this alternative into mainstream culture, but also the stripping away of much of its rebellious content and its full absorption into corporate culture.

Cobain's T-shirt paralleled/parodied the bumper-sticker slogan of SST Records, "Corporate Rock Still Sucks." SST, founded by Greg Ginn, guitarist of Black Flag, was responsible for releasing considerable important independent music of the 1980s, such as Black Flag, the Minutemen, the Meat Puppets, Hüsker Dü, and later, Sonic Youth, Dinosaur Jr., Screaming Trees, fIREHOSE, and even Soundgarden. Most later bands signed to major labels, achieving significant success there, and even minor SST bands, like Sister Double Happiness, Buffalo Tom and Pell Mell signed to majors.

SST's status as the farm-team for major labels in the 1980s was mirrored with a bit more irony in the 1990s by Sub Pop, former home of Nirvana. After the first wave of Sub Pop superstars, such as Soundgarden, Mudhoney, and Nirvana, got signed, all the second and third generation Sub Pop acts inked contracts with the majors, from the Afghan Whigs to the Fluid, Tad and Seaweed. While Cobain may have been trying to cling to some notion of punk rock integrity as exemplified by early SST, his hand-scrawled slogan became devoid of any of its intended meaning once he appeared on the cover of Rolling Stone wearing it. His attempt at rebellion against the corporate system became an example of the allowed and contained rebellion that has become characteristic of Alternative Rock in the 1990s.

So now in 1996, "alternative" is the new hegemony. The monolith of alternative rock has certainly plateaued in the past year and a half, allowing for the success of fifth-generation copycat artists from Bush to Alanis Morissette (who is Pat Benatar for the 1990s, but that's another issue). As with the mainstream adoption and adaptation of 1960s counter-culture movements into the Me Decade of the 1970s, independent rock movements of the 1980s have become sanitized versions of themselves upon entrance and acceptance by mainstream society. While this is nothing new (again see Hebdige), what sets it apart is the continued calling of this stuff "alternative," retaining some amount of the ironic tone as earlier exemplified by Sebadoh.

In some ways it may be a good thing that this angry, personal music has entered the mainstream, allowing for its corollary fashions of flannel, multiple piercings, green nail polish and whatnot to be available at Urban Outfitters (a major player in the commodification of fringe cultural expression). However, the establishment of "alternative" as the new hegemony leaves many people, including us at WCBN, in quite a bind. How can one remain an alternative to the mainstream if the mainstream is alternative? In other words, how can one be an "alternative to the alternative?" That is a very difficult question to answer, but it is likely that the answer does not lie in lounge music, Guided By Voices side-projects, Brit-pop, or any other current darling of hipster Trendanistas.

Hip is not dead, as Baffler editor-in-chief Tom Frank claimed in a cover article in The Nation (April 1, 1996), but the movers and shakers of the hipster world better figure out a new way to manufacture hipness, since corporate culture has been continually able to adopt and adapt whatever is chosen to be the fresh, bold, new and rebellious. Unfortunately, this seems to be the nature of the culture industry in the U. S., and they have become quite the experts at co-opting rebellion and selling it all back to us at a profit. While mainstream rock in the 1990s may appear in the sheep's clothing of Alternative, the wolf of corporate consumerism lurks underneath. It is all more than enough for me to want to renounce the world and hole up in a cave in the Himalayas with the complete Fugazi catalog (and, believe me, I do want to), but hope is not lost. Vibrant underground music and culture that provides alternatives to the mainstream "alternative" are still possible in this modern world, albeit with great difficulty. Keep you radio dial at 88.3 fm and stay tuned to WCBN for further developments.

Buju Banton from his 'Til Shiloh CD on Loose Cannon.

THE WICKEDEST SLAM

DANCEHALL & THE BODY GOOD

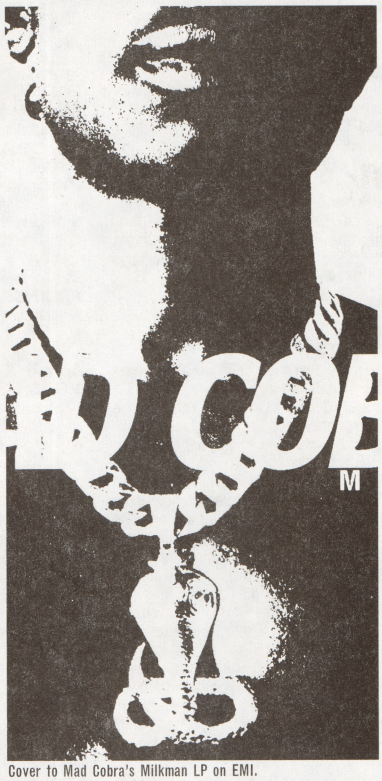
by Neil Dixon Smith

I'm going to be as blunt as possible. It is time you got into dancehall music. I don't mean that you should start going out and buying dancehall CD's, nor would I suggest you begin reading reggae music magazines. As a matter of fact, you can even completely ignore what's on the charts, or who the current hot artists are. When I say it is time for you to get into dancehall I mean you must rock to it, engage your body with it, and ultimately, let yourself learn from it. Please be forewarned, for as is often the case, the pleasures and wisdom gained from dancehall music are not necessarily for the uninitiated. What is to be gotten may take time and actual effort. Like a bitter fruit its first impressions leave many with a bad taste in their mouth— "...too harsh sounding", "all sounds the same", "monotonous" —along with a sense of bewilderment to the reality that there are actually people who can listen to nothing but dancehall. I too, I must confess, lived many a year in these shadows. Like many bourgeois white American music fans, I felt that my love for roots reggae (along with my passion for punk rock and respect for jazz) justified my high-minded dismissal of all current trends as inherently spiritually shallow and inspired the lament, once again, of the unfortunate mechanicalization of true roots soul that to me characterized dancehall and modern reggae. But I was a goddamn ignorant intellectual! A spiritual snob that could only imagine the political benefits of other people getting down. Now I've found religion, and it comes with a version.

Please let me share with you, those of who have not had the opportunity to freak to the Damsel Pandemonium riddim, or throb to Irie, allow me to, if nothing else, attempt to describe what dancehall is all about. My purpose? To prick your curiosity or at least offer the possibility of an open mind and a bit of time. For to gain an appreciation of dancehall, one must discover it over time and in the proper space, as a form, a medium with its own history and logic. It is not about individual songs or artists. It is about an orientation towards life and the creative process. And it's about moving your body, maybe next to mine.

Contrary to first impressions, the essence of dancehall music is not what the vocalist is doing. He or she may be a superstar or a total unknown, be singing or DJing (what you might call rapping), but what comes first are the backing sounds: the rhythm track. The rhythm track, or riddim, fundamentally is a bass line and a drum beat. You may or may not hear anything else. Typically a studio engineer/musician (all of these lines in Jamaica are blurred), will record a riddim and then singers and DJs will write and record songs on it, often in combination, and each song will be released as a single. Then, in a club a selector, what we would call a DJ over here, plays the riddim sharing singles in a chain, mixing them together seamlessly, so when you hear it is like one long tune. If a riddim is super hot, all of the best vocal artists will record a song on it, some may even do more than one. The more songs on a riddim a selector has the longer the chain can be, and the more there is to string to dramatic effect. This means that on the dancefloor, once a riddim starts, it may hold up for 20-30 minutes straight as a dozen songs go by. Each song utilizes a different mix of the riddim, so the music evolves with each song—all musical changes are lateral, no bridges, though each mix and each vocalist emphasizes different accents in the rhythm and/or different harmonies in the bass line, so it always sounds fresh.

Like a twelve-bar blues, or the changes to jazz standard, the riddim provides a common form from which the artist is inspired to provide an interpretation. The dancehall DJ does not just flex lyrical wordplay, he or she is a master oral gymnast who creates melodies with polyrhythmic phrasing, repeating and evolving, flowing to stark contrasts (a completely different style than hip hop rapping). And like old school sax players cutting heads, there is the aesthetic of badness to the DJ. Who will pump the crowd the hardest, who will massage our hearts, who will get us low...is who will get respect.



Cover to Mad Cobra's Milkman LP on EMI.

But dancehall is no shallow hip shaker. It represents consciousness and culture. For as the music is shared for the common goal of bringing us to the state of the present, the styles, bass lines and melodies constantly evoke the past. For in dancehall there are riddims, and then there are megariddims: bass lines as old as ska, brought back again and again. The most classic bass lines have dozens of recorded master versions with literally hundreds of songs. A movement of the past couple years is the use of old Bob Marley lines, so evocative of memories and sentiments. It is truly beautiful to experience this music not kept in the glass case of a museum, but up and alive and continuing to give. Thus the music lives as we all should, moving forward using the jewels of history as a guide. A culturally visceral reminder of the past as something one is connected to, just as one is to the future.

But now I am slipping into jargon when all I want you to do is rock. And that, my friends, it what the music is for. Because we have this beauteous thing, the rhythm track, you can move with the faith that this is a status quo that will last. Over fifteen to twenty-five minutes your body can sink into a steady groove just not possible in other dance music, a foundation from which you are lifted by the ebb and flow of the DJ. The better it is, the longer it will last. Dancehall is the gift of time. It may take you two songs to get close to someone, two more to lock into each other, then you still got four more to ride. Dancehall can be rough and tough, but is just as often sweetly romantic. As these sentiments are juxtaposed dancehall conjures an honest eroticism that you will not hear in any other music. It is playful and it can be explicitly sexual, but it is always respectful. It is music of and for the body and the good times that come with letting it do what it wants.

Increasingly, dancehall is also forthrightly spiritual and politically conscious. The humanistic legacies of Bob Marley and the pan-Africanism of Marcus Garvey are as strong now as ever and, when mixed with party songs and those celebrating sex, dancehall evokes a complete picture of life that makes you thankful and fired up to be part of it no matter what the color of your skin. The ultimate message, as old as life, is that we must live as brothers and sisters, respecting those who have given before us, creating the space for self-knowledge. For many of us, that first step toward human awareness occurs not in the church, but on the dancefloor and in the bedroom. When you realize that, you may realize it is the only music that can truly satisfy your brain, your heart, and your groin at the same time.

Not all dancehall holds up to the standard. Like all forms of pop music there is certainly much cheese, elements of homophobia, and you are not going to like every artist, or every rhythm track. On the whole the truly baddest tunes are likely to become hits, the biggest stars tend to be the most talented, the most respected tend to have the deepest perspectives, and as a medium the message is worthy.

Unless you experience dancehall in the proper context you probably won't get it. You can go to a store and buy dancehall compilations, or albums by individual artists, but you won't get the flow of the rhythm track. Some compilations will in fact feature a single rhythm, but you still must be careful for they may not be mixed together. A product like that takes away from the inspiration of the moment.

There is dancehall music in clubs in Ann Arbor and Detroit, but you have to look and find it...and hope it lasts more than one week...and pray there is a decent sound system. What we do have in Ann Arbor is the Dancehall Reggae Show on WCBN on Saturday nights from 7-10pm hosted by Brian Tomsic. If you want to hear a better mix, you'll have to drive to New York City. With Brian Tomsic you get the newest and baddest riddims, segued tight and right. Don't just tune in, turn up the volume until you feel it in your chest, and don't forget to let the tape deck roll. It is an absolute understatement to say the we are privileged to have access to this music in the Midwest. Take advantage of it and support it. And LISTEN! Listen to the density of the music, to the intensity of the performance, to the sincerity of what is being said. Get your arms kinda high and your ass kinda low and keep your lover kinda close. And believe me, things will change.

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MONDAY

6am-9am
FREEFORM
Marvin Bartlett
I'm liable to play anything the FCC will let me. My goal is to put together a show that you will enjoy hearing as much as I'm enjoying it in the studio.

9am-Noon
JAZZ TILL NOON
Al Campbell

Noon-3pm
SMOKIN' VINYL (Freeform)
Anthony Hornof
We will search for smoldering embers in the WCBN vaults. Soul, rhythm & gospel, funk, blues, jazz, rock'n'roll, country, folk, classical. Join this vinyl junkie for a tasty urban adventure. This is quality radio, folks.

3pm-5:15pm
FREEFORM
Joe Tiboni
It's just about playin' some music, you know?

5:15pm-5:30pm
ANN ARBOR TONIGHT

5:30pm-6pm
PACIFICA NEWS
A national news report providing a bold alternative to both commercial news and NPR.

6pm-6:30pm
EXTRA POINTS
Jonathan Feld
Extra points is a 30 minute interactive show focusing on Michigan sports.

6:30pm-7pm
GREY MATTERS
Dick Whealey and Jim Dwyer
Grey matters is the weekly news and media talk show that features political and historical analysis, including economics and social issues. "Brain Damage" awards are a weekly feature that expose the stupidity, hypocrisy, and corruption of the powers that be.

7pm-8pm
YAZOO CITY CALLING
Jay Doria
The most informative blues show on the radio, providing insight into the role of blues music on entertainment and culture.

8pm-10pm
THE BLAST-OFF GIRLS (Freeform)
Wendy Case, Sue Dise & Tonya Melton
Three rambunctious tiger kittens on the rock'n'roll rampage. Mixing the aesthetic vision of Russ Meyer, the cultural context of the worst drive-in movies, and the sparkling wit of a girls' locker room with the sassiest, greasiest, stupidest pop music of the 50's, 60's, 70's. You'll have fun, fun, fun 'til your daddy takes the T-bird away!

10pm-Midnight
FREEFORM
Joslyn Layne
Some of everything except the stuff you can always hear by turning the dial (static, flashpans...).

Midnight-3am
FREEFORM
Jamie Rollins
Spontaneous creation of chaotic and intriguing soundscapes by the mutation and integration of cutting-edge experimental music and other obscure things.

3am-6am
FREEFORM
Mark Wiseman
The Wiseman's mix will slip through your speaker and invade your home, so place a bucket under your speaker and maintain a safe listening distance.

TUESDAY

6am-9am
FREEFORM
Special Ed
Ed Spitshallow

9am-Noon
JAZZ TILL NOON
Colin Howells

Noon-3pm
FREEFORM
Mark Bershatsky

3pm-5:15pm
FREEFORM
Matt Reichl
And you thought heist films were fun. Try this melodious gamut of audio genres that goes down well with or without Chianti. It's like the soundtrack to the never-filmed Holly Golightly Meets Laszlo Kovacs, minus the obnoxious efforts of Mickey Rooney. Also specializing in love songs, desperate and otherwise.

5:15pm-5:30pm
ANN ARBOR TONIGHT

5:30pm-6pm
PACIFICA NEWS
A national news report providing a bold alternative to both commercial news and NPR.

6pm-6:30pm
TENANT TALK
Patrice Maurer
A call-in show for renters, sponsored by the Ann Arbor Tenants Union.

6:30pm-7pm
TBA

7pm-8pm
TRAIN TO SKAVILLE
Brian Tomsic
An hour of rare Jamaican wax-ska, rocksteady, and early reggae from the 60's and 70's.

8pm-10pm
FREEFORM
Andrew Reed
Just what is Bubba Puppa? You might not find out by listening here, but you will certainly like what you hear; a freeform ride around the musical world.

10pm-Midnight
FREEFORM
Amanda Tasse
Like an ever-changing amoeba, you can't predict where it'll go.

Midnight-3am
FREEFORM
Carlos Garcia-Shelton
An interesting mix of old and new hip-hop with an occasional classic rock twist.

3am-6am
FREEFORM
Andrew Rhee
Freeform: Play everything from hip-hop, rap, jazz, dance, ambient, new wave, and foreign.

WEDNESDAY

6am-9am
FREEFORM
Konstantinos Stathis

9am-Noon
JAZZ TILL NOON
David Dinnell

Noon-3pm
FREEFORM
Matthew Quirk
Have you ever had one of those days when everything went exactly as you planned? Me neither. This show might help.

3pm-5:15pm
FREEFORM
Sacha Feirstein
Good sounds to please all ear types. Lots of unusual music and lots of undeniably good stuff. Basically, a fun time and very freeform. Yum.

5:15pm-5:30pm
ANN ARBOR TONIGHT

5:30pm-6pm
PACIFICA NEWS
A national news report providing a bold alternative to both commercial news and NPR.

6pm-6:30pm
RADIO Q
David Meitzler

6:30pm-7pm
CLOSETS ARE FOR CLOTHES
Seth Persky
Public affairs radio show especially for the Gay, Lesbian & Bisexual community. Each week Seth and/or guests impart wisdom and share insights. Over time, 'Closets' delivers the folowing: announcements of enlightening events, exclusive interviews, and interesting news. Occasionly, tickets and recordings are given away, music is examined, and excerpts of the nationally syndicated show "This Way Out" are aired.

7pm-8pm
GO, CAT, GO! THE ROCK-A-BILLY SHOW!
Del Villarreal
Join your pal, Del, every Wed. evening for an hour of the best in primitive Rock & Roll, jumpin' hillbilly bop, barn shakin' boogies, and wild 'n' greasy ROCK-A-BILLY music! Those in the know say, "GO, CAT, GO!"

8pm-10pm
FREE ROOTS (Freeform)
"The Funky Farmer" Chad Williams & "BBQ Bob" Wray
So what are "roots"? Is Leadbelly "roots"? Or is he not "your roots"? Are "your roots" much deeper or not firmly planted. If "roots" are then by no means stable, then do you still exist? Our "roots" are buried somewhere in the red clay hills and at the bottom of BBQ Spit (and sometimes under our finger nails). Her "roots" still remain downtown somewhere, but she seems to be unsettled about that. His "roots" are not to be found anywhere, so he listens to Louis Jordan to feel whole, and she is willing to accept that. But throw Bo Diddley, Bessie Smith, Lefty Frizzell, Maybelle Carter, Patti Smith, & Townes Van Zandt into a single room together, and what do you get? "Roots" are not on television... they're on the radio. By now you should know where you roots are. Still unsure? Then find a free root to grab onto, and you will be built from the ground on up. When in doubt, just lighten up and remember... It's all folk music anyway.

10pm-Midnight
MR. ATTAMAN'S TALK SHOW (Freeform)
Mr. Attaman & Guessts
Call in and Mr. Attaman will make fun of you and your relatives on WCBN's only freeform talkshow. Frequent callers include cats, pigs, hippies, answering machines, and $ales Tax Ree$e. Dedicated to those who believe in emotive radio-good or bad-and also to those who have made past shows what they are; John Rastafari, MrrrandaTarrow, Chappy The Clown Pyke, Matt Camp, $ales Tax Ree$e, Toad and Pud, and that drunk guy who always calls from under Metro Airport.
John "Flash" Gordon
Another experiment in electronic music, noise, rhythm, coordinated to dement the listener. Listen or be normal.

Midnight-3am
FREEFORM
Brian Weinrick
Funky freeform made Fresh Daily. Ingredients: Rock, Jazz, Blues, Folk, Funk, Rap, Experimental, Electronica, Native cultures, Poetry, Prose... Warning: Chronic doses of freeform have been shown to cause dissolution of the ego and hostility toward the dominator culture.
Chris Mackenzie
All Canadian all the time.

3am-6am
FREEFORM
Prof. Trallfazz Vanhelsing
Interzone: Among the test tubes, burners, wires, and circuits comes this experiment in cognition and perception. Audioscapes for the mind.

THURSDAY

6am-9am
FREEFORM
Benjamin Kelley

9am-Noon
JAZZ TILL NOON
Bob Strauch
Regis and Kathie Lee invited Sun Ra and Anthony Braxton over for Volleyball. They shared recipes and traded languages. As they all locked eyes, they each thought, "It will never be the same again."

Noon-3pm
SOUL 4 SOUL FREEFORM
Aubrey Lesicki
The electronic weasel groove-a-thon continues with Aubrey's "Soul 4 Soul Freeform." Gospel, blues, jazz, R&B, hip hop, reggae, & other heartfelt music from around the world. If it doesn't hit you in the soul-patty, you won't hear it here!

3pm-5:15pm
FREEFORM
Michael Miller
During a "normal" show, I dish out tumultuous jazz, splendorous space rock, subtle yet addictive techno, bootilicious hip-hop, and anything else that suits my mood.

5:15pm-5:30pm
ANN ARBOR TONIGHT

5:30pm-6pm
PACIFICA NEWS
A national news report providing a bold alternative to both commercial news and NPR.

6pm-6:30pm
VITAL VOICE
Originated by the great Lisa Cohen, Vital Voice has been revitalized by Aubrey Lesicki and continues to be a forum for educating people about healthy options in healthcare, diet, lifestyle, and more.

6:30pm-7pm
DEFENDING THE EARTH
Lara Spears and Tom Dietsch
A show dedicated to those who defend our Earth and the other lifeforms with which we share it. We will focus each week on the many ways people are working to improve the fragile relationship between humans and their environment.

7pm-8pm
FACE THE MUSIC
(né You've Got To Be Modernistic)
Arwulf
Given the virus of stupidity and greed which seems to have eaten the brains of most americans this radio show has to be called FACE THE MUSIC for awhile. There's no time for tapdancing this time. Republicans are waging war against women, children, thinkers, poets, and workers. The logical-illogical response is to foist ever more regurgitated slaphappy audio slop onto the griddle of our collective pseudo-attention span. Empower the clowns. Empower the fools. Empower the trees. Fuck the system. Freedom now! Broadcast stupid medleys played on big, outmoded music hall organs. We have only to fear our own cultural legacy. For it is us, dressed in baggy flags. What a mess. Face the Music, children, it's all you can do to maintain your identities, however many there may be, and send the tapes to Oswald's inlaws, for they are them. And we are us.

8pm-10pm
FREEFORM
Don Smithivas
An exploration into ambient, electronic, & world music fusions. Choosing music as your heart tells you, but with the idea of exposing yourself and the listeners to a great variety of traditions, fusions, & sonic experiments.

10pm-Midnight
FREEFORM
Paul Cheevers

Midnight-3am
FREEFORM
Mrrranda L. Tarrow
Mrrranda L. Tarrow's ongoin' Molotov Cocktail Party. Hop on board the Kesey bus before it plummets off the cliff and cultivate yer contempt of normalcy w/ theme shows such as They're Comin' To Get Me, Don't Touch Me There, & How Dare You Mock the Immeasurable Darkness of My Soul - O, the Pain (the industrial/goth show)! Keep yer earballs peeled for specific scheduling. Plus more punk, noise, lounge, & communications of appropriation than you can shake a schtick at. Ahimsa!

3am-6am
FREEFORM

FRIDAY

6am-9am
FREEFORM
Sean Westergard
"We want you to come on and go with us on this trip. We goin' everywhere, y'all ready to go? We'd like for you to sit back and get on the train with us and go to all the places we're gonna go to. When you want to get off, just let somebody know, and we'll stop the train and throw you off" - Rashaan Roland Kirk "Ditto" - Sean Westergard

9am-Noon
JAZZ TILL NOON
Marc Lambert
Anything that can reasonably be called "Jazz" or creative improvised music - including everything on the edge, international, ethnic blends, & that new stuff with strings from NY & Europe.

Noon-3pm
FREEFORM
Frank Uhle
Mostly 60's Punk/Garage/Soul/Rockin' with forays into 20's-50's blues/hillbilly/rockabilly.
Dan Mulholland
A bold & beautiful visit with Mr. Wonderful, Lord Rockingham - spinning vintage garage, white bread British Blues, British invasion, soul, R&B, rockabilly, gurl groops, gospel, surf, and a lot of personal problems relating to mime & the Free-Luv Generation.

3pm-5:15pm
FREEFORM
Mike Perini
The ska bone's connected to the wacky 80's bone. The rambling incoherence bone's connected to the blues bone. Took a hunk of biographical info and a piece of West African bone, made a talkin' freeform honeycone.

5:15pm-5:30pm
ANN ARBOR TONIGHT

5:30pm-6pm
PACIFICA NEWS
A national news report providing a bold alternative to both commercial news and NPR.

6pm-7pm
HEAR AND NOW
Marc Taras
The news behind the news-local muckrakers network with West Coast political researcher David Emory. Emory's taped material amounts to a hidden history of the New World Order. Explore the murky world of espionage and the historical roots of contemporary fascism. Essential listening. Get yer tape decks rolling and spread the words.

7pm-8pm
LOCAL MUSIC SHOW
Dan Banda
Don't fall for the corporate trap - music doesn't have to be from somewhere else to be good.

8pm-10pm
THE GAME OF THE WEEK
WCBN Sports Dept.
Oct 11 UM Volleyball vs. Wisconsin
Oct 18 UM Hockey vs. Maine
Oct 25 UM Volleyball vs. Indiana
Nov 1 UM Hockey at Notre Dame or
UM Volleyball vs. Minnesota
Nov 8 UM Hockey vs. Ohio State(Home Opener)
Nov 15 UM Hockey vs. Michigan State
Nov 22 UM Hockey vs. Brown
Nov 29 T.B.A.
Dec 6 Football Year in Review Show
Dec 13 UM Hockey vs. Michigan State
Games subject to change (due to weather)

10pm-Midnight
CRUSH COLLISION
BMG
CC makes a big move from Thursday to Friday night! Established in '87 at the dawn of house music, CC has come to embody all aspects of the Underground. Highlighting the art of the DJ, we showcase and interview talent from locally and around the globe, including: Chuck Hampton, Mr. Attaman, DBX, Claude Young, Carl Craig, Rotator, Autechre and Will Web. A Techno House Jungle boom thwwp boom mix show.

Midnight-1am
ALL OUT ATTACK
John Rastafari & Ted Humphrey
Punk is dead, listen to it roll in its grave. Yahweh vs. Jesus on the Turntable, along with Charles Manson as my devil's advocate.

1am-3am
PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE(Freeform)
Ted Humphrey & John Rastafari
Oh graven sunder given to violet piercings, intolerant to fine blessings. Electric, eccenteric, ecstatically static with lyseigic tendencies.

3am-6am
FREEFORM
Sam Sadden

SATURDAY

6am-9am
FREEFORM
Jo Serrapere
Hey, it's cheaper than therapy! Jo will move you through yer blues w/ some of the masters, get you in touch w/ your inner head banger, and read you kids stories (preferably about the most neurotic of muppets, Grover!). They'll medicate you w/ Tom Waits, the Pixies, and even a dose of Garrison Keillor. Better folked up than F*?!#d up!

9am-10am
CAFE INTERNATIONAL
Dan Rosenberg
Explore music, arts, history, languages, and food from around the world Saturday mornings from 9-10 AM on WCBN 88.3 FM Ann Arbor with host Dan Rosenberg. Each week we are joined by some of the world's top artists and musicians. For complete details, see the Cafe International website:
http://www.umich.edu/~wcbn/programming/cafe
October: Brazil's top drumming group, Olodum, Los Pleneros de la 21 (Puerto Rico), Hassan Hakmoun (Morocco), Youssou N'Dour (Senegal), and Cape Verdean Diva Cesaria Evora.
November: Oumou Sangare (Mali), Ravi Shankar (India), Sabri Brothers (Pakistan), and Milton Nascimento (Brazil).
December: The Mighty Sparrow (Trinidad), Afrocuba de Matanzas (Cuba), Malathini and the Mahotella Queens (South Africa), Les Mecenes (French Guyana).

10am-11am
ALL KIDDING ASIDE
Marvin Bartlett
Join us as for an adventure in the electromagnetic spectrum as children (and the occasional grown-up) from the Ann Arbor area play music; read original stories and poetry; review the latest in concerts, books, toys, CDs, movies, and t.v. shows (from the coolest to the yuckiest); ask (and answer) questions about dinosaurs, mummies, outer space, and the incredible life forms which inhabit the Great Lakes; discuss issues of importance to all of us (Why bother to obey rules? Is it o.k. to raise animals just to eat them?); and generally TAKE OVER THE AIRWAVES. This show is YOURS to RULE, groovy guys and gals. Do you have a garage band? Do you play an instrument? Do you enjoy writing stories? Would you like to try your hand at being a music critic? Or perhaps interviewing a archaeologist? If so, please contact Marvin Bartlett at syndrome@flip.eecs.umich.edu, or give him a call at 763-7958. DO IT!

11am-1pm
THE FOLK SHOW
Bob Wray and Pat Keating
Afraid of folk music? On WCBN's Folk Show, you'll hear accordions driving Latin and Louisiana rhythms, fiddles from Appalachia and Ireland, guitars from the Mississippi delta and the Texas plains - music that'll get your feet stomping whether it's from the far reaches of the world or just down the street. Check us out on the WWW at:
http://ai.eecs.umich.edu/people/wrayre/WCBN

1pm-4pm
THE DOWN HOME SHOW
Chad Williams, Dan Moray, and James "Tex" Manheim
"The Down Home Show" delves into where country music has been, and where it's going. Join us for three hours of fabulous country tunes from Jimmie Rodgers to Jimmie Dale.
http://www.umich.edu/~babooski/downhome

4pm-7pm
NOTHIN' BUT THE BLUES
Jerry Mack &/or Jay Doria
Blues fixes the hole in the soul of American music. From the Delta to Chicago, from N.Y. to the west blues is the music that says it best.

7pm-10pm
DANCEHALL REGGAE
Brian Tomsic
Only the best and latest dancehall music this side of Kingston. Masterful mixing on the latest riddims and reggae classics of the last 30 years.

10pm-Midnight
THE PROP SHOP
Chill Will & Lady D
Raw real hip hop cut together with so much ease by DJ Chill Will, with Lady D on the mic. Hip Hop mix show extrodinaire.

Midnight-3am
RADIO PING PONG (Freeform)
Anna Taylor and Freedom McLaughlin
Anna and Free doing late night connect-the-dot radio. A painfully free form between two people with no prior engagements at this time. By the way, we love requests.

3am-6am
Antoine Dubeau
Erik Gottesman
Freeform, artificial interviews, and the search for my real parents.

SUNDAY

6am-9am
John Stempien
Freeform delving into the psyche and defining the symbols of our culture. Alchemy on the radio!

9am-10am
DROMEDARY EXPRESS
Yalcin Yanikoglu and Randal Baier
Music from where the camels have been by foot and by wind!! Traditional and popular expression from Morocco to Tuva - with a few suprises along the way.

10am-11am
TURKISH DELIGHT
Mert Aksu
As sweet as candy, but for your ears! Come take a mystical journey throughout the world of Turkish rhythm and sound with us. From folk to classical, to pop, it's a delightful hour of music echoed through the ancient crossroads between the East and West.

11am-Noon
BRAZILIAN CONNECTION
Marcelo Brissac
This show is about Brazilian music, only Brazilian, every genre, popular, unpopular, instrumental songs, etc. with information about Brazilian music!
Chris Peterson
Great new music from six continents. The world is still a very large place.

Noon-1pm
RADIO LIBRE
Antoine DuBeau
The last bastion of the royalist orchestra in Amerika.
Michel Chateau
Come over to 88.3 FM on Sundays and taste a spicy mix of songs and music from French-speaking parts of the world on Radio Libre every week. Host Michel Chateau dishes out sounds, old and new, from France, Quebec, Africa, the Caribbean, Louisiana, Belgium, and elsewhere in the Francophone world. Bon appetit. (Check out Radio Libre's web site: *www-personal.umich.edu/~ncdh/radio.libre*)

1pm-2pm
HELLENIC HOUR
Manos Tentzeris

2pm-3pm
HEMISPHERES
Tony Audas
Roll around the world, rock to music from ancient to future, spin out to sounds from outside.

3pm-4pm
LIVING POETS
Todd Spencer
Real living and breathing, cloud-sitting, dirt-eating poets performing their insightful, passionate, whimsical, political, nostalgic, contemporary, post-modern, freaky, urgent, intelligent, hilarioushow did they think of that? spine-tingling, goose-bump inducing, mind-expanding, mad, raving poetry live in the studio; out of their mouths and into your ears. Featuring new and established local, regional, and national poets. The show that crawls into your soul-space and rearranges the furniture. Experience epiphany on the road less traveled.

4pm-5pm
SOUNDS OF THE SUBCONTINENT
Dan Bass
Put the kettle on and have tea and tiffin while joining me for a musical journey throughout South Asia, its diasporas, and those influenced by the musical, cultural, and religious traditions of the subcontinent mixed into a tasty musical masala. Featured shows planned for fall include Tibetan folk music, the raga-rock of Cornershop, the Sabri Brothers' qawwali, and the Punjabi-British reggae/dance/hip-hop fusions of bhangra.

5pm-6pm
DUKE IS ON THE AIR
host Dave Crippen with Arwulf & Aubrey
This is WCBN's oldest specialty show, celebrating its twentieth year. Dave Crippen, our senior member, shares his knowledge and love of Duke Ellington's music, covering the entire fifty year span of Duke's remarkable career. Rare sessions and personable insights. Ellington is forever!

6pm-7pm
AN OPEN LETTER TO DUKE
Arwulf & Aubrey
Ellington's legacy means ever-expanding possibilities for improvisers. Ben Webster dreamt Dewey Redman, who dreamt his son Joshua, who's dreaming somebody aint been birthed yet. And that's the way it grows. A Charlie Parker premonition of Booker Ervin and Eric Dolphy; this can lead to Ornette Coleman, wistful and wise.

7pm-8pm
REAL BLACK MIRACLES
Arwulf & Aubrey
To celebrate the miracle of freedom in its wildest incarnations! One, two, three, Albert Ayler. Great Black Music: Ancient to the Future. Visions, decisions, invisible incisions and ritual from the base of the collective brain. Heart is a melody of time. Re-Evolution of all possible forms of expression. Stockhausen and Webern loaned their chessboards to Braxton.

8pm-9:30pm
PAN AFRICAN HEARTBEAT RADIO
Dan Rosenberg
Each week, we feature music from throughout Africa and the African diaspora with host Dan Rosenberg. We often feature in-studio performances and interviews with some of the Africas' top musicians. This fall, we will include programs with the National Ensemble from Gambia, Wassoulou Diva Oumou Sangare, Nigerial Highlife star, Chief Stephen Osita Osadebe, Samite of Uganda, Guinea's Prince Diabate, Master Drummer Babatunde Olatunji of Nigeria, and Benin's diva, Angelique Kidjo, and Mali's master guitarist Ali Farka Toure.

9:30pm-11pm
RADIO CALIENTE
Wayne Alejandro Wolbert
Radio Caliente: El ritmo mas fino.

11pm-Midnight
STUDIO LIVE
This famous show has been revived-- at the original time. Live music, straight from CBN's studio. Dig it?

Midnight-3am
FREEFORM
Roma Rozenblyum

3am-6am
FREEFORM
Mark Morgan
While sometimes trying to maintain a mellow late-night atmosphere (ambient rock, dub, country, minimalist composers), other times I'll give into my aggressive music urges (punk riff raff, free jazz, guitar destruction, static soundwaves). Which side of my brain will gain supremacy over the airwaves?

(L) Guy from Fugazi's first EP. (R) Ian from the Minor Threat CD. Both on Dischord.

FUGAZI TOUR DIARY

matt camp

It was fate.

Guy, from Fugazi, had just sent me a tour schedule when I got "let go" from my mind-numbing data-entry job for reasons involving photocopiers and pornography. It was obviously my time to see Fugazi once again.

I hung out long enough to get my last paycheck, and with just a few hundred dollars headed south to Atlanta, where Fugazi was to play two nights at a club called the Masquerade. I didn't have an address for the club or any idea where it was, so the first thing I did when I got to Atlanta was stop at a gas station and lock my keys in my car.

A voice said, "Hey, buddy."

I looked to see who it was. "How's it going?"

"Hey man, do you have a couple bucks you could buy us a pack of cigarettes with?" His girlfriend stood beside him.

"Cigarettes? Sorry, man, you're on your own."

"Look, man," he persisted, "we don't need the cigarettes. We just want to empty the tobacco out and roll joints with them. You want some joints, man? I'll give you some joints if you buy us some cigarettes."

I had the feeling I was in a very bad neighborhood to be a white boy from Ann Arbor.

Fortunately, I'm not from Ann Arbor.

"Look. I just locked my damn keys in my car."

"Oh yeah? Which ones your car?"

"This one."

He looked in the window. "Yep. There they are. Right on the front seat." The keys lay in full view on the open atlas. Another stupid tourist. "Well, I could get them out for you. I know how to do it."

"If you can get those keys out," without smashing my window, I thought to myself, "I'll buy you those cigarettes." This guy was either a dope-smoking car thief or a smooth-talker who could spot a sucker a mile away - or at least from the sidewalk of Amoco.

"Baby, go get me a coat hanger." His girlfriend got him a coat hanger. Don't ask me from where. It took a while for it to sink into him that the Honda's locks are straight vertical slabs and can not be hooked. Maybe he was just high. "My buddy's got a slim jim."

"Really?" That's a handy tool for a dope-smoking car thief, I thought.

"Yeah, man. He lives just around the corner. Walk with me over to his house."

We walked around the corner. "If anybody asks, my name's Greg and you went to high school with me."

"It's great to see you again. old buddy," I said, shaking his hand.

"Now my friend ain't gonna let us use his slim jim for free," said 'Greg'. "You got seven dollars?"

"Seven dollars?"

"Yeah, man. You got to pay the man to use his slim jim."

We were standing at a gate. Long apartments stretched back before us. My buddy Greg was about to take my money and smoke a big crack rock in some roach-infested tenement. It sure was sad to see my old school chum turn out like this. I gave him the seven bucks and never saw him again.

I went back to the gas station and told the guy at the counter my situation and asked to use a phone. In a thick accent he let me know there was nothing he could possibly do for me. Outside, I stared stupidly at the sky.

"Hey, buddy. I'm trying to get a ID. so I can get a job. Can you help me out with a dollar or two?"

"An ID?" A fool and his money are soon targeted.

"Yeah, an ID. A picture ID. so I can get a job. I need some money to pay for it. Is that your car?"

"It sure is."

"Too bad about your keys." He looked at my plates. "You from Missouri?"

"No. I drove down from Michigan to see a show at the Masquerade. Ever heard of it?"

"The Masquerade? Yeah! Wait here a minute and I'll tell you right where it is!" He ran off. He came back. "You're real close, man! It's right down the street here."

"Down there?"

"Yeah!" He gestured down the street. "Right down there on the right."

"Wow! Thanks!" I gave him the two bucks. "Hope you get that ID."

He walked off. I stared stupidly at my car. A man in a blue uniform came up to me. "You lock your key in your car?" he asked with an accent either Indian or Arabic.

"I sure did."

"Here. I have slim jim in my truck." He took a slim jim from the back of his pickup and in one swift motion the door was open. "I work in parking garage. Have this problem all of time."

"Thank you so much!" I couldn't believe it.

"No problem. Bye now."

I hopped in my car and drove down the street to the Masquerade. The Masquerade is like Saint Andrews in that it is multi-leveled for dancing and concerts, but it looks like the designers couldn't decide if they were building spooky apartments or a demented warehouse. The concert hall is two or three stories above the ground. The bands load all their gear onto a platform that descends from the upper level where it juts out over and away from the first level, above the parking lot and ticket-line

entrance. I watched an opening band load up and rise into the air.

The show was sold out.

I hung out with some kids in the parking lot, the kind whose main fashion accessories are paint and safety pins. They didn't have tickets either, and were wondering what to do and where one of the girls was going to stay having just been kicked out of her father's house. They reminded me of my punk friends in high school. We joked that Ian MacKaye would be the hardest person to party with after the show.

"Hey Ian - have a beer!"

"No."

"Hey Ian - wanna hit this joint?"

"No!."

"Wanna get some groupie chicks?"

"I've got the straight edge!"

"Damn....."

I went to the manager. "Hey, I drove all the way from Michigan to see Fugazi and the show's sold out. Is there any way you can get me in?"

"You drove from MICHIGAN?"

"Yeah. This is my favorite band EVER, and I gotta get in."

"Well, I've been having trouble with the Fire Marshall, so I gotta be careful. There's these two girls from South Carolina, that asked me first. I can't promise anything."

Dicked.

I went and sat down with the punks. "What'd he say?" they asked.

"No go. Something about the Fire Marshall, he said."

"Shit."

A man walked up to us and asked how we were doing. "Does anybody want to buy a ticket?"

"A ticket?!? How much?!?"

"Six bucks."

I looked at my new friends.

"You better take it. We're all together anyway. You drove all the way from Michigan."

"I'll take it!" I fished the happiest six dollars that ever lived out of my pocket, said thanks, good-bye to the punks, and went inside.

I had a beer and watched the opening bands, then stood expectantly waiting for Fugazi. A girl who seemed to have taken large doses of LSD that night started rubbing my hair and stroking my beard. She did it to every guy in reach, playing with their hair. I turned to the guy she was with.

"Is she always like this?"

"Pretty much."

"Hey!" I called her. "Do you think you could get up to the front?" The crowd was packed pretty tight, and being a guy I'd have to shove my way through. But with a girl...

"Sure! Do you wanna go up front."

"Yes!"

She took my hand and navigated the sea of bodies. We were about three bodies from the stage. "How's this?"

"It's great!" I could've kissed her - but who was that guy she was with?

Then the band was on stage. The music started and the girl and I were smashed forward. I think they started with "Public Witness Program" from In On The Killtaker, a driving number with a hard-core edge. The sea of bodies swelled up and down like waves with no shore on which to break but itself. Fugazi pounded out song after song, dedicating "Downed City" to everyone in Atlanta who wasn't so happy about the Olympics coming to their town, the first line being "I want to go, I want to get out!" There were cheers of agreement.

Soon I wandered out of the thick of it to watch and listen without being crushed. When the show was over I went up to the guy in the Masquerade shirt on stage and, holding up my 13 Songs CD said, "I drove all the way from Michigan to see these guys and I want them to sign my 13 Songs!"

"You'll have to talk to the backstage guy."

"Where's he?"

"Around that side. You'll see him."

I went around. I saw him.

"Hey! I drove all the way from Michigan to see these guys and I want to get them to sign my CD!"

Without a word he grabbed me by the shoulders and set me down a long hallway behind the stage. I ran just a few steps then turned back to him. "But where are they?"

He pointed. "Back there!" It was mythic.

"Okay!" I turned and ran down the hall.

Backstage, the bass player Joe sat on a couch with some of the opening band. Alcohol was conspicuously absent, replaced with bottled water and Perrier. First Joe signed my CD booklet, then Brendan. Then Guy came through and signed.

Then Ian MacKaye descended the stairs.

I had met Ian once before with my friend Dan as we sat outside waiting for a show in Missouri. We were 18 and worshipped the guy. He passed by us and said, "What's up fellas?" We were like, "Hey, not much," then he walked on. We turned to each other.

"Matt... was that..."

"Dan... I think that was..."

Then together: "Oh shit! That was Ian MacKaye!"

I hoped this encounter would be a little more intelligent. He found a pen and sat beside me.

I asked him, "Did you get the Christmas card I sent you? With the angel on the front playing the guitar?"

He looked at me.

"That was you? What's your name?"

"I'm Matt Camp from Ann Arbor!"

He looked at me even harder.

"Let me see your driver's license."

This set me back a bit. Was I really getting carded by Ian MacKaye?

I handed over my license. "It's from Washington. I lived there for a while."

He handed it back.

"What are you doing here?"

Everybody now!: "I drove all the way from Michigan to see you guys! I'm going to follow you as long as my money and car hold out!"

He took out a little black book.

"Well that's your own shit, but as long as you do it, I'll put you on the guest list. Just come back and see me after each show and I'll put you on for the next one." He wrote my name.

"Wow! Thanks!"

He signed my CD booklet in his trademark block-letter signature: IAN, and took off.

A girl's voice from behind me said, "Hey - you're the guy from Michigan!"

I turned around. Two girls shared a large chair behind me. "How do you know that?" I was amazed to have a reputation here already.

"The manager told us about you!"

Here they were - the two girls from South Carolina the manager had mentioned! We got to talking, went out for a snack at the IHOP down the street, and found we all had a shared interest in poetry. By the end of the meal I had been talked into following them back to South Carolina. They were going to show me around Charleston and give me a place to sleep.

And that's exactly what happened.

Unfortunately, my car's left front C-V joint started going bad, so after a day in Charleston I drove down to see Fugazi in Savannah where they played a totally different set than in Atlanta, including all the tunes I had wished for but didn't hear in Atlanta like "Birthday Pony" and "Repeater". Ian really detests the sort of slam-dancing that seems to prevail at their shows. It seems inevitable to me, given the high-energy-high-anger-fuck-you of the music, but that's how Ian is. The rest of the band remains silent on the issue.

After a particularly scathing indictment of the slam crowd, the band started into "Waiting Room", which begins, breaks for a measure, then kicks in with the drum and takes off again. This time, at the break, Ian says "That guy Ian is such a DICK!" Boom boom boom boom boom boom and BAM! back into the song. It was a classic Fugazi moment.

After another great show, I realized I'd have to drive home and see about getting my car fixed. I was just about out of cash.

I headed up to the stage and reached out to Guy. He shook my hand and I yelled, "You guys are STILL the greatest!" and headed out into the night.

IAN MacKAYE INTERVIEW

Brendan M Gillen

This is an interview I did with Ian at the Michigan Union Ballroom, June 23, 1990, where Fugazi were performing a benefit show. This is meant to be a companion to Matt Camp's piece. Ian was in this band called Minor Threat, in the original DC punk era c.1980 writing songs like "Straight Edge" and "Out of Step", practically inventing hardcore. Now he is the benchmark of integrity with Fugazi and Dischord.

BMG: So what does Fugazi mean?

IAN MacKAYE: It's military slang meaning "fucked-up situation," but ideally it can mean anything you want it to. Bands make names, names don't make bands.

BMG: How is Discord Records going? Why the single on Sub Pop?

IAN: Well, it came out on Discord too, the same exact record. The reason we did that is because Sub Pop is a label who, at one point at least, was a very regional independent label that we respected alot and felt a real kinship to. Being from Washington DC, were an underground independent label, whatever. They're doing that "Single-of-the-Month Club," which is a celebration of the 7". The 7" is a very important thing to us, so we said we would do it. Of course, we understood that Sub Pop is obscenely collectable stuff, so that's why we said it has to come out on our own label too. So, people who want the music can get it, people who are concerned with collectability can do whatever they want, I'm not interested in that. But if they want the MUSIC, its still available, $3 post paid from Discord. It's in print, and will be in print.

BMG: I figured it's because your both indies...

IAN: Yeah, that's the whole point. It's a common bond, a nod to Sub Pop.

BMG: What about some of the other off label stuff you've done? How did PAILHEAD come together?

IAN: Pretty innocently. I was in the studio, and Al Jourgensen was there, and he's this guy from Ministry, who I had heard of, I had never actually heard them. Somebody said, "this is Al from Ministry; this is Ian, he used to be in Minor Threat." Hi, how do you do, I wasn't in a band at the time. I'm fine how are you? You know, talk talk talk, joke joke joke, laugh laugh laugh. Suddenly we were in this position where he said, "hey! I got this really fast song and no-one can put words on it do you think you can sing to a fast song?"

BMG: I Will Refuse?

IAN: Yeah. I said, "Yeah, I could probably do that." Then I heard the song and thought it was really great, and I wrote some words. Then I did it, he couldn't believe it. Everybody else had been trying to sing to it ,the couldn't even.. they didn't know about this pattern. I just happen to have had a lot of experience singing to fast stuff, so it was no problem for me. He was totally amazed with the way I did it, and I thought it all sounded great, so then we did another song and put out that record. Then he called me up once and said, "let's do a couple more songs." So we went back and did the TRAIT record. But its not really a band, we never played live, were never gonna play live, I don't think. It's just a studio project.

BMG: It's one of the few things Al's ever done with lyrical content.

IAN: Yeah, I agree.

BMG: Plus it sounded like Killing Joke...

IAN: That's interesting because I never heard Killing Joke before that. Everyone was telling me " man, this sounds just like Killing Joke." Now, I'd heard of Killing Joke, but never listened to them. So I said maybe I better go listen to this Killing Joke and get a concept of what they're all about. Man it sounds ALOT like Killing Joke, maybe a little too much like it... So anyway, its on Wax Trax, because that's the label he's with. basically its his project, I just put some vocals and guitar, I worked with him on it, but I didn't want to release it. Besides, I could never afford the studio bill. He works in very fancy studios, and works for hours and hours at it... I don't even want to tell you how much that shit costs, but it costs so much money.

BMG: I understand. One of the great paradoxes is that Al Jourgensen is a very famous drug fiend, and you've written some songs that are quite against that.

IAN: I've written songs about my own life, I didn't write songs about Al Jourgensen. People seem to think that because I've expressed certain views about my life, that I somehow will no longer tolerate anybody who doesn't go along with my views, and that's not true. This has been the truth since the beginning, even when I was the most...when I wrote the song "Straight Edge," the people who I love the most in my life were not mercenarily straight edge. And I didn't immediately hate them, and I've never hated somebody for their habits. I always put human beings above their habits and affectations. So Al Jourgensen, I think, is a good person in his soul, and we got along fine. Now, I personally don't do the same kind of stuff he does, but its not my fuckin' business its his. Its his life and he can choose how he wants to live it. Let's put it this way, he didn't try to strap me down and put anything in my arm or nothing...

BMG: Do you think you'll be doing anything with Henry Rollins in the future?

IAN: Well, I produced the Lifetime LP and the Do It 12". But in the future it's entirely possible. Rollins and I have known each other since I was 11, we were best friends long before "Punk Rock" was even a concept anywhere, and I'm sure we'll be best friends long after were doing whatever were doing. So, its possible that we might do something, but I don't have any plans. Right now, Fugazi is a full chunk of my life. Between Fugazi and Discord I don't have any time, so I haven't done any kind of projects lately. I've just been working on Fugazi, touring like crazy.

BMG: Even though alot of your music seems to be about individuality, alot of people look to you for messages. Its pretty obvious from the cult of straight edge that a lot of kids really follow what you say. Do you have anything to say to them? Or was that 'Song #1"?

IAN: Yeah, I agree, that's the point. First of all, our songs have expressions in them, and some people may receive them as "messages"- that's fine. Any kind of dialogue, or thought that's expressed verbally to some degree is a message, right? So, yeah, we have ideas and we verbalize these things, and we do it in our music, and people who might find them there. I am not friends with this straight -edge thing, I am not part of any movement, nor am I the leader of one. I don't wanna have anything to do with that. I wrote a song called "Straight Edge," it was an expression about some things that I felt.

BMG: So what are you trying to accomplish with your music?

IAN: I'm not interested in having people follow us, what I'm interested in is playing a show and having people who want to see the band come, and enjoy it.

BMG: Which happened.

IAN: To a degree... Unfortunately in the front of the stage there were a number of people who were not here to see a band. They were doing some ritualistic exercises that I find to be usually tedious, and on occasion downright insulting. Tonight I was really pissed off, this is not a normal show for us. The stuff in the front was a bummer for me.

BMG: You usually don't get a pit?

IAN: No not really, not like that. Not this silliness, this nonsense. It's hard to explain...

BMG: It's like they could be doing it to any band.

IAN: They would be! That's the point. Turn on a record player and give 'em a circle to run in. This kid... I got my fuckin' tooth chipped tonight. This sucks to me, this is a bummer. It's not that I hate these people, its just so unthinking. It's so irrelevant, it speaks very loudly to me about that kind of attitude has alot to do with why the world is so fucked up today, in my opinion. I don't think people can see past their own little circles. They don't think about the effect on other human beings, they only think about effects on themselves. That's a problem in the world. It's not just individuals, it's cities, or neighborhoods or cities, or counties, or states, and usually nations. People can only see there own little fuckin' nations. For me, maybe I'm a cynic , maybe I'm some fuckin' leftie stupid ass motherfucker, but anytime you put some serious thought into it, you were born where you were born, but geographically lines are such imaginary concepts. It makes everything so stupid, and that's exactly what "Song #1" is about. It's all nothing. Frames are just handed to you throughout your life. Now your part of this frame, and part of this frame, and this frame, this frame. These frames don't exist man, frames are what you build for yourself. So when I see people get injured, I mean what could be more stupid than someone getting maimed... When you go see a fuckin' movie, your watching a movie and some jumps on your head. It doesn't make any sense anymore to me. Now, I've been to movies where there's some kind of reaction, where there's some kind of orchestration between the movie and the people. I've 3-D movies where everyone wears glasses, I've seen the Rocky Horror Picture Show where they all throw rice, so I got hit with rice. And I've seen bands where it was so pumped up, and there was and total wildness, that people were just doing the craziest things, and it worked. But I've seen those things a long, long time ago. And I've seen those things when the very act of doing those things was such a rule breaker, and was directly confronting what the accepted normal, standard activity was at shows, that it was the most beautiful shit I'd ever seen. But when you're talking about somewhere now, 1990, you know that its no longer taking any chances. It's no longer confronting anything.

BMG: It's institutionalized.

IAN: Exactly. And the way I look at it is like, if I was a teenager today, and I'm 28 years old now, if I was 18 today the last thing I would be doing is some fuckin' dance some kids started doing 10 years ago. The last way I'm be fuckin' dressing or be looking the way people were looking 10 years ago. Because when I was 18, our priority was to set out on our own and to create new things and not just to adopt other peoples hand me downs. People need to re-assess and to redefine. To change, change all the time.

IT'S A RADIO, WHIRLED...

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF RADIO (?)

compiled by Jim Dwyer

Black Jack's Message

It's one of those stories that endears CBers to no one. Black Jack, a Milwaukee 27MHz operator, is bleeding through all of his neighbors' appliances. That part of the story is all too common. But according to newspaper reports, Black Jack uses this situation to intentionally torment the neighbors.

"Come suck the mud from between my toes," invites Mr. Jack on the CB (and cordless phone, and stereo, and television). Neighbors say that he curses, tells people he's armed, and frightens children. B. Echols, who lives nearby, says that her two children run from the room in horror when Black Jack's voice comes through the TV. They think he's a ghost. City Councilman F. Gordon says that he's done "just about everything I can do. I've been cursed out by him and his landlord."

The battle isn't over yet, though. In an innovative approach to resolving the yearlong dispute, the city of Milwaukee is planning to declare Black Jack's home a nuisance. That way they can fine his landlord.

Of course there are always two sides to any story. A reporter who called the Black Jack home was told by the CBer that he doesn't mean any harm and only uses the radio late at night when everyone has gone to bed. "I'm just a poor man paying taxes and going out to work in the cold everyday."

Ooops...that dang phone is a radio!

A Dallas school board member who was taped using a variety of obscenities and racial slurs on his cordless phone is now working with the FBI "to find out who did (the taping)--not for any vindication of myself but for all citizens."

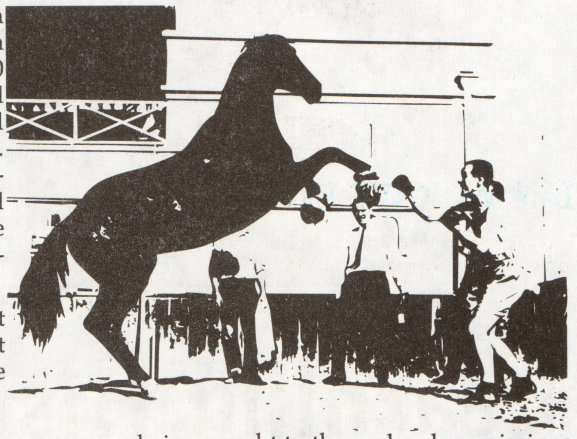
D. Peavy, a 48-year-old businessman used the obscenities and slurs to describe school administrators, students and teachers. Someone taped the conversations, spliced them together, and mailed copies anonymously to other members of the school board. Peavy resigned his post, apologized, and vowed to make "drastic changes" in his own life. The FBI is now involved in the case, investigating the source of the apparent illegal wiretap.

Arizona Free Radio

Mike Dougan operates a radio station in Phoenix. It's nothing fancy. Low power, it has only 10 watts. The studios are a shed in his backyard. Unlicensed, KAFR-FM has officials upset.

Dougan has been jousting with the FCC since he went on the air in 1991, getting hit with a $17,500 fine just six months after he signed on. Undeterred, Dougan returned to the air--and upped his power. He vows to stay on the air, fighting FCC licensing policies and offering an open forum for people who don't have any other broadcast forum.

"I could sit at home every night and surf the Internet. But what would I get out of that? KArizone Free Radio operates on 92.7-FM.



Electromagnetic Radiation and Illness

The debate has been going on for years: power lines and electrical appliances can cause cancer and other diseases. Now comes word of a study by the U.S. Council on Radiation Protection that contradicts repeated denials by scientists. According to journalist Steve Newman, the report cites "studies that show these fields can disturb the production of hormone melatonin, which is linked to sleep patterns and which also helps to protect the body from degenerative effects like those seen in heart disease, Parkinson's and Alzheimer's." The report appears in the magazine New Scientist.

Johnny Law Gets Burned in the War on Drugs

"Yeah, I've got a little egg on my face," says Robert Hobbs, commander of the county narcotics task force in Beaumont, Texas. Hobbs agreed to spend $3,250 for a Quadro-Tracker, a small hand-held device that the manufacturer said could detect drugs, guns and explosives. The pocket sized box with retractable antenna was sold as a technological marvel whose claims eventually attracted the attention of the National Institute of Justice. There, investigators opened the box to find "only plastic and air."

Hobbs wasn't the only one fooled. According to investigators, at least a thousand were sold, along with seminars and separate plug-in models said to uncover cocaine, marijuana, gunpowder and currency (!). The manufacturer of the device says that it matches the molecular emissions of the substance being sought to the molecular emissions locator car or chip inside the device. When something is detected, the antenna is supposed to point in the direction of the substance (!). When investigators at the U.S. Energy Department's Scandia National Laboratories pried open one of the Tracker's chips, they found a plastic coated piece of paper. The only thing on it was pyruvic acid, commonly found in human sweat.

More Nazi Radio

Danish authorities are powerless to stop a neo-Nazi radio station that will soon begin broadcasting from Denmark. Danish Nazis are said to be constructing an extensive communications center just outside of Copenhagen, complete with "powerful computers which will provide access to international communications networks, with a printing center, an open telephone line and soon its own radio station." The Nazis chose Denmark as the ideal country in which to build their European headquarters, because of its central location, especially given its broadcasting proximity to Germany, where such organization is still prohibited by law. The new station will be called Radio Oasen (Radio Oasis) and will broadcast Nazi rock music and "social debates" for six hours each day.

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Afrocuba de Matanzas preserving African song, dance, and percussion in Matanzas, Cuba.

Learning History Through Music

by Dan Rosenburg

Music of the world reveals centuries of forgotten history. Songs detail the legacy of colonization and slavery, women's environmental and human rights concerns. Each week on Cafe International, we speak with the world's top musicians as they bring this history alive.

When a song is banned here in the United States, it is normally due to a four-letter word or sexual innuendo. It is easy to forget the countless musicians have been forced into hiding, been arrested, and even killed for their music.

From South African apartheid to the recent coup in Haiti to the Pinochet government of Chile to European colonizers in Africa, musicians have often paid a high price for trying to communicate through song.

During apartheid in South Africa, there was a musical apartheid as well. Racially mixed audiences were banned. Racially mixed performances were banned. It was even illegal for songs to be performed in more than one language. A Kwassa song could not be played on a Kwela radio station (both are South African languages). So when Johnny Clegg and Juluka formed an integrated band, their music was banned and concerts were regularly disrupted by the police.

When Haitian President Jean-Bertrand Aristide was ousted in 1991, Haiti not only lost it's democratically elected leader, Haiti also lost much of it's musical traditions. The coup government banned all political songs, and many of Haiti's leading musicians were forced into hiding and others faced arrest warrants for their music. Boukan Ginen was forced into exile for singing songs like "Sa Red (It's Tough)", while members of Boukman Eksperyans were arrested for songs like "Libete, Pran pou PranL (Freedom, let's take it!)". Even Boukman Eksperyan's name is historical as they are named after Boukman, a maroon (an escaped slave) who was a leader in the Haitian slave revolution against the French 200 years ago.

What happened in Haiti is not new. In the 1970's Chile's Victor Jara was murdered for singing songs critical of the Pinochet government and Nigeria's Fela spent many years in jail in the 70's and 80's for expressing his opinions in song. In prior centuries, colonizers would kill drummers when they learned that many in Africa and elsewhere communicated through the drum.

Drums were also banned to devalue local cultures as the drums often play significant religious roles in Africa and the Caribbean. These bans however, often led to the creation of new instruments. In the shipyards of Cuba, people began playing the sides of sardine cans, which later led to the "cajone" percussion instrument. Not only music and instruments were banned, but also entire languages. From Native Americans, to Africans to Asians, children were beaten for simply speaking their languages. Today, the music from all of these places describes this history.

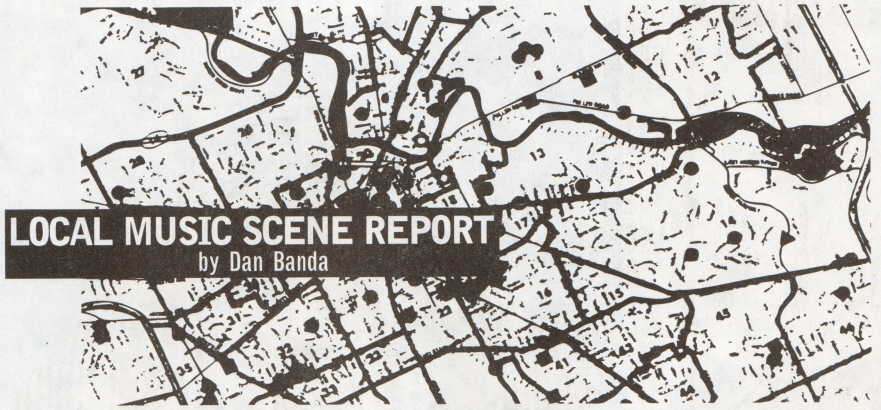
In West Africa, the musicians are the historians. The griots are oral historians and musicians, who have been preserving West African history for centuries. When Alex Haley went to Gambia to research his family's history for his book "Roots", he didn't go to a library. He went to the griots. He found his family's griot, playing a kora (a traditional 21-stringed harp-lute), and that is where he traced his family back to Kunta Kinte. He learned his great great great grandfather was captured and brought across the Atlantic and sold into slavery. It is often said that "when a griot dies, it is like a library has burned down".

In the many parts of the Caribbean, musicians are also historians and storytellers. Both the Calypso of Trinidad and the Plena of Puerto Rico are "sung newspapers". The calypsonians and pleneros travel the island, bringing the news of the day though song. There are songs about US military bases in Trinidad, current political situations, and even the O.J. trial.

Each week on Cafe International, we'll speak to the griots, the calypsonians, the pleneros, the drummers, and the songwriters who are recording the history of the world. Cafe International airs Saturdays from 9 - 10 AM on WCBN 88.3 FM Ann Arbor with host Dan Rosenberg.

Guests for Fall 1996 include:
Youssou N'Dour (Senegal), Cape Verdean Diva Cesaria Evora, Ravi Shankar (India), and Malathini and the Mahotella Queens (South Africa).

For complete details, see the Cafe International website:
http://www.umich.edu/~wcbn/programming/cafe



LOCAL MUSIC SCENE REPORT

by Dan Banda

The fact is, we're not all alike. As much as the Large Music Corporations would like us to think we're all the same, we're actually a bunch of different people who are into a bunch of different things. Part of music mass marketing these days involves selling the idea that this song is the best song, or this band is the best band, or at least the only one that matters. There is no real cooperation or support on the competitive corporate playing field. Finding who can become the most popular act in the country only guarantees that the act is watered down enough and inoffensive enough and benign enough. And when radio stations are owned by national or multinational "communications" companies, then all we have to listen to and compare are all the watered down, inoffensive benign acts. Isn't this supposed to be the land of choice? While national radio has it's place, local radio balances the board by showcasing the talents of people that appeal to those who appreciate and expect more from music than the repetitive background sounds of commercial radio.

Ann Arbor seems to attract people who have grown weary of listening to the wallpaper of corporate radio. Some of us make our own music, some of us listen to and support those who make it. And there's enough diversity of music in town to keep a person from resorting to multinational commercialism; pop, punk, folk, funk, blues, jazz, noise, you name it. One of the many movements of music in town involves classical instruments making newer sounds. Poignant Plecostomus, Yab Yum, Transmission, and other bands offer us a welcome alternative to the guitar/bass/drum/vocal ensemble that has come to dominate the airwaves. Acoustic instruments are again gaining well deserved respect; keep an ear out for former members of the Blue Sun to bring us news from the world of strings. And other bands are stretching music in other directions, like Morsel, Harm's Way, Butterfly, The Luddites, and Larynx Zillion's Novelty Shop.

Ann Arbor is also home to musicians who continue to deliver great music as they have been for years: George Bedard , Scott Morgan, Steve Nardella, Madcat Ruth, Sherry Kane, Dan Mulholland, Mr. B., and Frank Allison, to name a few. Finally, I must gratefully acknowledge the people of Ann Arbor for their fine taste and their generous support of the local music scene. Their demand for diversity and appreciation of talent make it possible for places like the Gypsy Cafe, Cava Java and the Green Room to be successful venues for local and national acts. They allow WCBN to continue to deliver the best in non-commercial radio, and are willing to support and encourage people trying to enrich our musical environment. 'Cause if we don't support it, we just might lose it.

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IN MEMORY Of BILL MONROE

Bill Monroe, known as the Father of Bluegrass for combining mandolin, banjo, guitar and a "high lonesome" singing style into a distinctive American music form, died Monday, September 9, at age 84. Monroe died in his nursing home after suffering a stroke earlier this year.

Anyone who's listened to bluegrass music for any amount of time knows that it IS Bill's music. If you can in any way label a tune or a band as bluegrass, then you're saying that they're incorporating elements that Bill Monroe defined. It is doubtful that there ever has been or ever will be again a type of music that so firmly bears the stamp of one man. Bluegrass music relies heavily on banjos, mandolins, acoustic guitars and fiddles, with lightning-fast picking and a yodeling vocal style. It gets its name from Monroe's band the Blue Grass Boys and the grass of his native Kentucky. The music is largely influenced by old-timey string music, but many also forget that his music was also heavily influenced by the black blues of guitarist Arnold Schultz (who a young Monroe often accompanied at dances) as it was by the fiddle tunes of men like his uncle, Pendleton Vandiver (which inspired the Monroe trademark "Uncle Pen"). "Bluegrass has brought more people together and made more friends than any music in the world," Monroe said in a 1978 interview. "You meet people at festivals and renew acquaintances year after year."

A Bill Monroe Memorial took place on Wednesday, September 11, at the Ryman in Nashville. Friends and fans came from all over the world to bid a final farewell to the "Father of Bluegrass." Many artists/friends performed Monroe's songs in fine tribute fashion, and it was only fitting that at the close of the ceremonies, an impromptu decision was made to break into a rollicking rendition of "Rawhide." Bill was buried the following day in his hometown of Rosine, KY.

Still there remains those people playing bluegrass music on stages, in parking lots, and on the radio. The only thing that died on Monday is one frail old man's body — the spirit of Bill's music will live forever.

— Chad Williams

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